

is nothing wrong with that fund. I request that he be referred to discontinue this line."

Judge Rust looked down at John. "You have had your questions. We will now go back to the original issue. You made certain statements. You will prove them. I will put it in plain unadorned language. You will put on—"

John walked toward the witness. "I will ask you the same question I asked Jane Lipsey. What did you do after the verdict?"

"Something in his tone alarmed the court. Everyone realized the case had reached a crisis. Truett glanced quickly at Stuart."

"I really don't remember."

"Let me help you. You rushed out without a word to your client. You used the telephone. That's right? Or shall I call the doorman?"

"I believe I did use the phone. The line was busy."

"Let me help you again. You then went to the Plaza Building."

"The lawyer was absent. John nodded to Stuart. The officer stood up.

Truett said harshly. "You needn't tell him. I remember now. I did."

"To me, Sir?"

"Why—yes. About the fund."

"You phoned, the line was busy, so you went there in person."

"Something like that."

"Wasn't it about this man—an upstart counsel before Clark and the jury got there? By the way, what did you do when they arrived—go to the inner office?"

"They didn't arrive. Aren't you amazed? Would I risk going to Sinclair's office if, as you claim, that inner seat were his?"

"The fact that I went there proves he did not."

"But if he did, it would be highly suspicious."

"It is a useless question. He didn't go there."

"We shall see. Mr. Lipsey, come up here." He walked. "Why do you keep looking at this officer? Are you nervous?"

"No! I isn't nervous."

"Is your memory any fresher? Will you admit that you went to Sinclair's office?"

"Yes," John turned to Stuart. "Lieutenant, get that elevator man."

Stuart reached for his hat. He eyed Lipsey a moment.

The court looked at Lipsey, turning slowly, raised the officer toward the door.

Suddenly the jury burst out. "How can the doorman say we went to Sinclair's office? All he can say is I went to the sixth floor!"

The jury roared as a man jumped up and boomed for the door. Stuart, moving quickly, reached Sinclair and brought him, struggling, to the bar of the court.

John said, "Have him sit there, lieutenant."

John said, "Mr. Lipsey, why don't you make a clean breast of it? What happened in Sinclair's office?"

"I object! He wasn't there. It's my word against his."

Judge Rust looked hard at Truett. He said gruffly, "Frosted."

John waved Lipsey aside. "Sit down. Think it over."

"Doctor Gibson, have you anything to say to this court?"

Gibson stood at the railing. "Your honor, what I am about to say will shock you. Not only this lawyer's perfidy but my weakness. I will admit how he forced my resignation as trustee of the fund. You see, he learned something that happened two years before my appointment. . . . I had a brother. He stole money entrusted

to me. Although I paid it back, the circumstances made me look guilty. When Mr. Waldron died, this man told me if I attempted to qualify as trustee he would expose me."

"I object! This is a plot against me, isn't it?"

Gibson stiffened. "Shortly before he died, Mr. Waldron sent for me. I think he had begun to lose faith in Mr. Truett. He said, 'There is something I want to do. When Almer Jackson is twenty-one, I want him to become a trustee of the fund. I authorize it from the will because I wanted to keep it from him till then. But I will give you a letter to that effect. I think he will be fit by that time, but I will let you judge whether or not to tell Mr. Truett about this, but for reasons I would rather not state, I cannot risk this letter to you.'"

He went on. "When Jackson was nineteen, I did suspect something. But I could not believe Mr. Truett would sleep on his bed. Besides, there was the verdict, reached after due deliberation. Then these two young men rolled on me. But something Mr. Truett had phoned. He didn't say much—simply warned me against a 'meaningful' district attorney. But I understood him. The school had been receiving assistance from the fund. He was in a position to remove and disprove me."

"This is the letter."

"Thank you," John passed it to the bench. The jurist declared, "Mr. Truett, did you conspire to murder the defendant as a bar to his appointment?"

Dr. Gibson presented this letter to the Orphan Court. . . . From me."

John walked toward the stand. "I will ask you again. Can you produce those books? Didn't you and Sinclair cash them to finance the policy agent and other rackets on the South Side?"

Why won't you answer?"

Judge Rust said, "His attorney answers you. We need not continue. The first order of business is a new trial for Jackson. The rest is for you to take the necessary action against the guilty parties in this case."

He smiled faintly. "It is unnecessary to name anything, they have much to worry them."

"John," said Graham, "you called the jury on that one. Stuart's hands were tight. Sinclair's plan was laid out for the racket. He swapped down and caught all their stuff—bribe sheets, operation notes, everything. We smashed them from the top this time. But what a lucky thing for you that Truett went to Sinclair's office just then. Lipsey broke down and I think I can explain why he went there. The agreed price was two hundred and fifty dollars, but when the job was performed, Lipsey felt he should have twice that. Something in his master must have warned Truett that he would ask for more money. We knew Sinclair was corrupt and he wanted to trouble. He phoned, couldn't get him, reached over, and you don't get your skin peeled off for distribution. But tell me, did you really break this case without any intention?"

John nodded vigorously. "Absolutely. I followed strict orders."

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